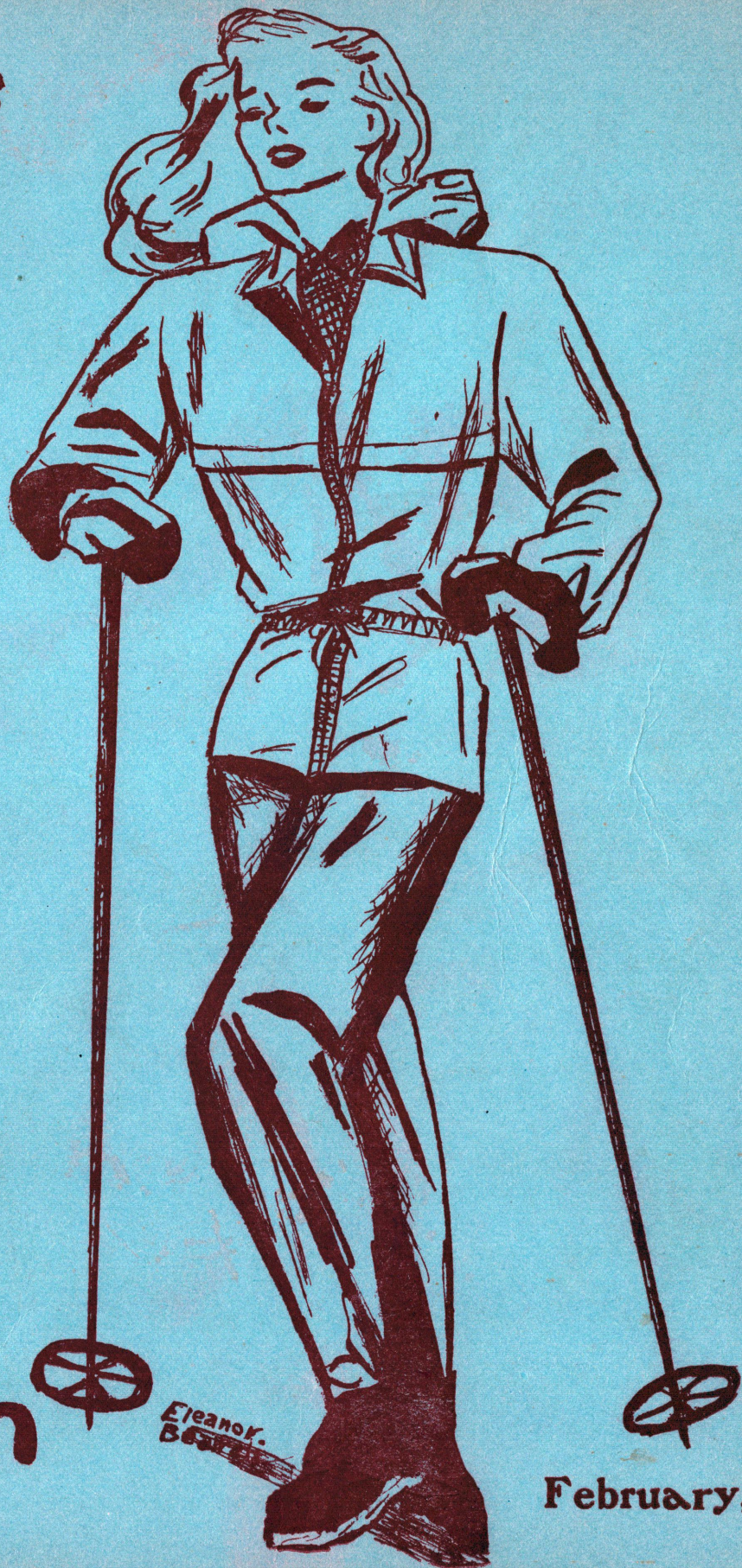


The STUDENT'S Pen



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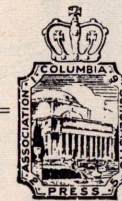


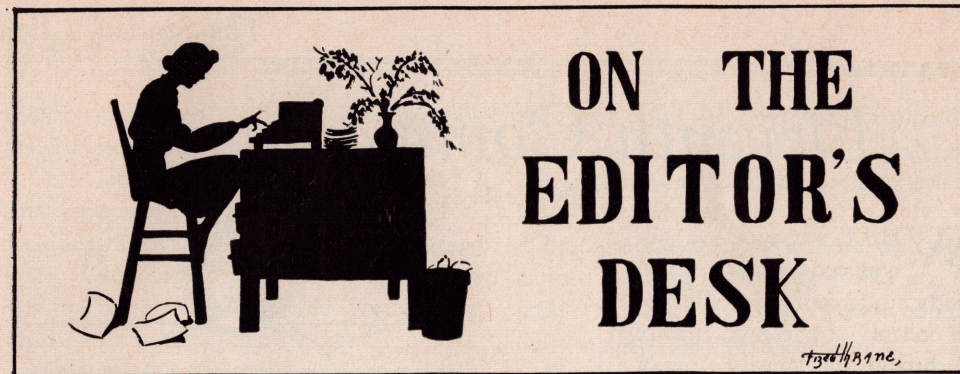
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Top Row (left to right): Snyder, Adeon, Ferreira, Archambeault, Wood, Kemble, Macbeth, Bouchane (manager).
 Middle Row: Bianchi, Bacon, Kasuba, Quadrozzi, Farnham (captain), Hayes, Ditmar, Leahy.
 Bottom Row: Fazio, Shepard, Cauffman, Valentino, Sessions, Shannon, Burns.



Pittsfield's War Memorial

By Mary Ellen Criscitiello

DURING the past few months there has been much publicity given to the question of the type of memorial which is to be erected in the near future, in honor of the Pittsfield men who have died in World War II. A committee of citizens has been chosen to decide what form the memorial shall take and to direct its construction. Reports of the meetings of this committee have appeared frequently in the "Berkshire Evening Eagle", and letters concerning the memorial may be found on the editorial page of almost every edition of "The Eagle". These letters have been interesting to read because they represent the varied opinions of the citizens of Pittsfield.

Whatever the decision of the War Memorial Committee may be, this memorial is of particular interest to us, the students of Pittsfield High School. Some of the boys who sacrificed their lives were our brothers; most were our friends; and for this reason we wish to see constructed a memorial of which they would have approved.

Many students have expressed the hope that the memorial will take the form of a building to be utilized by the general public. A new library, a city hall, an auditorium or a sports arena has been suggested, with the sports arena seemingly winning much favor.

At present Pittsfield has a city hall and a

library that are suitable for their purposes, though, perhaps they are not too impressive in appearance. The high school auditorium is sufficiently large enough to accommodate the audiences for the various programs presented there. However, there is in Pittsfield no building in which a thousand or more people can watch a sports event. As an example, we find that again and again scores are turned away from the basketball games at the state armory. Excluding the adults, the authorities realize there are not even enough seats for the students who are interested in seeing their own team play.

An arena large enough to prevent this, and properly equipped to enable old and young, both men and women, to enjoy, particularly on winter evenings, a game of basketball or volleyball, or any kind of exercise, would be a fit memorial for our war dead.

Those boys who died, whether they were members of the Army or the Navy, had to be in fine physical condition. They realized the importance of having a healthy body. They stood for fair play, health and happiness.

What could be a finer salute to their memory than such a building as a sports arena, within whose walls are developed the same three qualities; fair play, health and happiness?

Eleventh Commandment

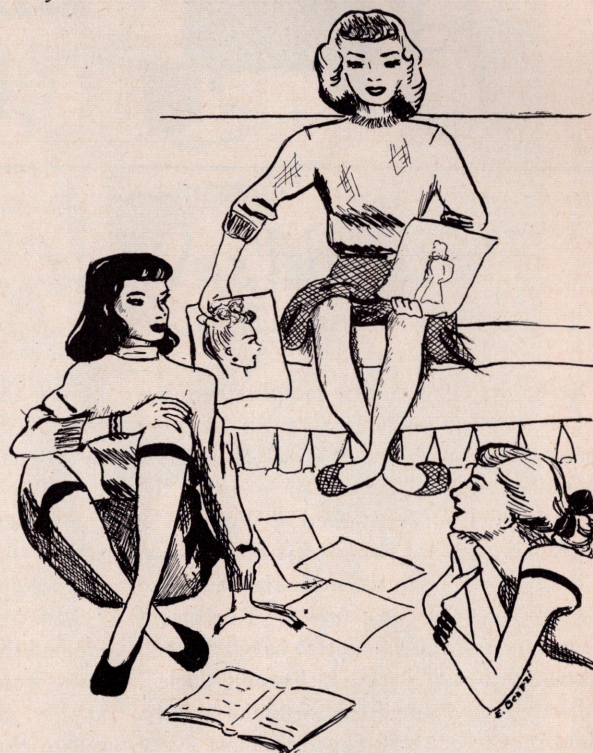
By Coralie Howe

"WHAT a chance!" I announced joyfully, and discreetly, to myself, "I could use five dollars." I had been thumbing through the January issue of "Hep Talk", a popular magazine for would-be glamorous teenagers, when the announcement of a nation-wide designing contest caught my eye, causing my exclamation.

I glanced only a moment at the first, second and third prize offers—the ten fourth prizes of five dollars each, were what interested me most. I began to muse and, in a state of wishful thinking, I thought how glorious it would be to win even fourth prize in a contest like this,—and it would be a good start; for I loved to design clothes.

Immediately ten thousand ideas sprang into my "vapid head" as Father calls it. I had so many wonderful designs sketched in my mind—but that was the trouble. The advertisement said plainly—in big, black letters, "Only one entry to a contestant." This immediately became my major problem—one of the biggest problems of my entire fourteen years. For two days I racked my brain in futile search for an answer. How could I decide which design to submit? "I could make a few designs and then let mother and the girls judge them for the one that they think is best—then send that," I thought to myself constantly, but my inner self told me that that would never do, for my tastes were entirely and acutely different from mother's and my girl-friends'. I knew they would probably pick the one design I considered my worst.

After much "discombobulation" (a word



of my own concoction meaning "hectic frustration", etc.) I finally hit upon an idea, and the more I thought about it, the better it seemed to me. It's too bad I hadn't known the full meaning of "crime does not pay", then, for I could have foreseen the enormity of my plan, which was truly a vice.

So one night, with all the innocence of youth and the assurance of a business girl, I called my two best friends, Clare O'Neill and Dale Chesney, and asked them to come over—I had a proposition to offer them. In ten minutes the girls arrived, and throwing their coats on the couch, sat down on the floor with me, where I had the magazine and several designs laid out before me. Dale, more of the business type, fell at once to admiring my designs and inquiring about my plan, while Claire's inquiries were of the domestic, in-

consequential kind—"What pretty nail polish, Ginny! Is it 'Fatal Apple'?"

"Oh, let's get down to business, girls," I said officiously. "Yes, it's 'Fatal Apple'," I added, answering Claire's open-mouthed stare, "Now here's my plan—I have three designs here, and can't decide which one to send—so why not send all three?"

Claire stretched herself out on her stomach, and held one of my drawings out at arm's length.

"Are teenagers supposed to go for these dresses, Ginny?" she asked in a high-pitched voice, "Oh, well—I suppose the older girls about sixteen or seventeen would like them."

I cast a sarcastic look her way. "If you don't stop talking that way," I said, "somebody's going to realize you're only thirteen. Besides, that isn't the point. The point is, that I've found a way to send all three of the dresses I've drawn, instead of taking a chance on one, and if you and Dale will follow through, it'll work out." I turned to Dale. "Now, I'd like to send one design in your name, one in Claire's, and one in mine. Then if one of you wins a five dollar prize, I'll take it, and give you a dollar out of it for letting me use your name. You see what I mean?"

Dale pondered for a moment, then nodded, approvingly. "It's all right, but don't tell my mother about it. She might not like me to help you cheat like that."

I was taken aback for a moment—the thought of tall, puritanical Mrs. Chesney and her wise teachings (she was our Sunday school teacher) got me to thinking. Perhaps I should have thought more.

"Oh, it isn't exactly cheating," I said, and let it drop at that.

Clare was busily reading the article in "Hep Talk." "Hm—why not first prize?" she offered, sucking on her thumb. (I saw Father stick his head in the door and stare at her with a disgusted look). "Gosh—a trip to New York, a dress specially made from your own design, and a visit to the Farnam School of Design."

"Oh, I could never hope to win any of

these big prizes," I asserted. "It would be fun to go to New York and all, but the only thing I want and have the faintest hope for, is just a five dollar bill!"

Not one of us stopped to think what would happen if one of the dresses should win first prize—to me it would have been an improbability if I had thought of it then.

So, at last the die was cast, so to speak. The entries were mailed off to "Hep Talk" magazine (my designs under three different names) and then came a long period of waiting, hardly daring to hope.

The weeks rolled by, just the same as ever, except that occasionally I was reminded of the contest—and then one day came the news! Clare was the first to call me. She was breathlessly excited, and what she had to say gave me a mental shock. No, the design I had sent under her name and address had not won five dollars, but first prize.

"First prize," I yelled into the transmitter, and in a state of confusion I hung up, without another word. Not two seconds later the phone rang again. It was Dale informing me that she had won third prize. Again I hung up quickly, and hastened to find the now trouble-making issue of "Hep Talk". Finding the contest page, I was immediately disappointed, for I was in hopes that third prize might even be twenty-five dollars, but it was not.

"Third prize—a beautiful dress made from your own design," I read slowly, and then I threw my book down.

For a few moments I felt "all glorious—most victorious"—I had won first prize in the contest—not only that, but third prize—I, Ginny Tremblar, was the smart little girl who would become nationally famous—but then, slow realization began to steal over me.

"But I'm not Clare O'Neil—nor Dale Chesney!" I gasped, "And I can't be both at once—and myself also. Oh, what a deal—what a deal!" I wailed miserably, "I'm cheated. I can't go to New York in Clare's place—that'd be stretching things a little too far. Now she'll get her picture in 'Hep Talk'

and all the credit for something I did—Oh! I never thought it would turn out like this.”

Well, Clare went off to New York the next week, and I had never been more jealous of her in my life. She was getting a free trip, a visit to a designing school, and a dress—the fruits of my endeavor.

I thought she must be having a wonderful time, until she wrote me a letter saying it was terrible. She wasn't the least bit interested in designing and all that went with it. The people down there scared her half to death asking her if she liked to draw and where she got her ideas. (Clare can't draw a straight line—or a crooked one, for that matter).

At last she came back, and all of us considered our risky matter closed—at least we did until Mrs. Chesney found out about it. Then Dale was punished, and her prize dress, when it came, was quickly confiscated. Clare was given a long lecture by her mother, who deplored our deceitfulness, saying that if she had known her daughter had won the contest wrongly, Clare would never have gone to New York.

My own mother and father didn't say much. They just credited all the more air-space to my head, and told me it served me right to have things turn out the way they did.

That's all there was to it—except that we three girls get a guilty feeling every time we read an issue of "Hep-Talk". We have a special phobia, fearing lest the magazine editors find out the truth.

I remember the somewhat formal ending Dale, Clare, and I put to this and all other possible adventures of the same nature.

We were sitting on the floor in my living room one night, discussing all that had happened, when something sprang to my mind.

"You know, girls," I began, "We used to learn in Sunday School about the ten commandments. I think God forgot to add one more—an important one—and we'd better annex it ourselves—"Thou shalt not cheat."

Clare and Dale nodded their approval.



FEBRUARY SECOND

By Gertrude Giese

I didn't know quite what woke me up.
I yawned and yawned with my mouth opened wide;
But I thought that now I was really awake
I might just as well take a peek outside.

I got to my feet quite shakily,
And took a few steps as far as the door.
I rubbed my eyes with my small, sharp paws.
(I'd been sleeping about four months or more).

The door seemed to stick—it'd been closed so long—
But I opened it soon, and looked around.
There was snow on every limb and bush,
And there was my shadow on the ground!

"This is amazing! I do declare!
There isn't a bird or anything!
I see I'd better go back to bed,
And sleep for six more weeks till spring!"

So I scurried inside, slammed the door,
And snuggled into my bed, out of sight.
Just in case a friend comes to call,
Please tell them this ground-hog is sleeping.
Goodnight!

The Incurable Disease of Height

By Janet Clark

MANY millions of words have been written through the centuries about the charms of Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, and Joan of Arc, but where in the annals of verse and history can one find a sonnet to their glamorous height or an ode to the virtue of being tall? To an adolescent, especially a girl, the process of growing up is often a painful one, particularly if there is the added handicap of being tall. And "handicap" is a very mild word, indeed.

I can't remember exactly when I became aware of the tragedy that had befallen me, but possibly it was during my thin and gawky stage (one which several unfeeling people insist I am still in) in which I boasted long, golden waves of naturally curly hair. This seemed to be about my only asset, for there certainly was nothing beautiful about my oversized limbs and body.

During this period there seemed to be a multitude of my parents' female friends who insisted upon shrieking to the world in general, "Dear Janet is *such* a tall girl for her age; I'm sure she'll catch up with her father in no time!" As my esteemed father had already gained the momentous height of 6 ft. 2 in.—a goal for which I had absolutely no aspirations—I received such comments with ice in my heart and unspeakable words on my lips.

The struggle continued as I battled the forces of nature in their determined effort to make me the Goliath of all times. Every one of the recommended preventatives against growth was systematically tried and disgustingly discarded, until I had finally run out of all the accredited cures. Then, with some hesitation, but with a determined gleam in my eye, I followed the advice of several of my more mischievous friends, with horrifying results. During one of these experiments, after having devoured a quantity of

cementlike liquid, the recipe known only to my scheming little friend, my face took on the general characteristics of a freshly squeezed lime, with similar reactions ensuing in my stomach. After this venture I despairingly gave up, determined to forget the whole thing and pretend to be normal.

For several years after this escapade, comparative peace and contentment reigned in our household, as the infant of the family resigned herself to the hopelessness of her height.

But, alas, a new problem soon arose—boys. They had always existed in my life, of course, in one way or another, but suddenly the factor of my height seemed to have a tremendous significance on my romantic aspirations. One particular incident remains in my mind of this especially humiliating and unhappy period. I had developed a "crush" on one particular red head in my sixth grade class and when, one day, I was miraculously chosen for the lead in our Christmas play, I had immediate schemes as soon as my director announced the word, "husband". My long-awaited chance—what better opportunity could I have to work my wiles on my unsuspecting victim!

But my soaring hopes were soon shattered when my director mentioned finding a nice, tall boy to play the part of my husband. The man of my dreams was, alas, several inches shorter than I, and even my romantic fervor could not add the needed inches to his height. Much to my disgust, however, my husband, duly chosen, proved to be much taller, seemingly his only virtue in my prejudiced eyes, and our great dramatic effort was presented without my beloved red head.

After I had recovered from this crushing experience, and several others equally dire, gradually there crept over me the wonderful realization that I had stopped growing so

rapidly. Could it be possible? Were the people around me actually beginning to spring up and equal—even surpass—my gigantic proportions? It seemed too good to be true—but there it was. I could actually look up at an ever increasing number of people, and hold an intelligent conversation without looking down several feet at my listener.

The Fatal Day

By Claire and Alma Rosenfield

ON the fourteenth of this month the *heartiest* holiday of the year visits mankind once again, like a dreaded plague. This is the time when, although it isn't spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—, well, lightly turns.

Ever since the year when poor Saint Valentine was so inconsiderate as to get killed on February the fourteenth, every man who is not too old for it, (and that includes all living men), has reached down into his pockets and has withdrawn a little of that "root of all evil" to buy some suitable offering for the lady of his choice.

Fortune favors the brave and he who innocently forgets this great occasion is certainly brave, for he has committed an unpardonable sin and is beyond redemption.

It has been estimated that in the last fifteen hundred years at least one million hearts have been broken because of negligence. In order to prevent this tremendous loss it has become a custom for people to send valentines to all their friends. Thus the number of disappointed has been cut by about ninety per cent. The other ten per cent of broken hearts has been attributed to various causes unknown to children of our tender years.

And so, today, I have come to that wonderful stage in my life where my height no longer bothers me. There are now enough people in a similar predicament so that I no longer feel that I am the world's tallest female. I cannot claim absolute immunity from the dislike of my height, but only on infrequent occasions now, do I shudder convulsively when that terrible word, "tall", is used.



Valentines vary in design in order to fit the person to whom they are sent. A relative will usually get a nondescript, left-over valentine, while sweethearts are blessed with the tender, passionate ones. At times an erring husband or boy friend attempts to ease the pressure of a tongue-lashing from you-know-whom by such gifts as candy, flowers, or other little luxuries enclosed within a heart-shaped box.

Of course, there are certain monstrosities that are known as "comic valentines". These consist of unflattering pictures drawn on coarse, white paper with an insulting verse beneath. Usually the only persons receiving such hints are mothers-in-law and kid brothers, but no person can consider himself immune.

It is said that love makes the world go round, but in its course it makes all poor innocent bystanders dizzy among chocolate hearts and fluffy lace. And they, these poor unfortunates, mournfully sigh and say,

"The sky is gray
The earth is sere
Thank goodness it comes
But once a year."

You're Wrong! It Isn't Fun!

By Donald W. Reed

ALTHOUGH most people probably find it hard to believe, marching in a parade while playing a band instrument is really not much fun. There is so much to be done at one time that the poor musician usually finds it impossible to do everything perfectly.

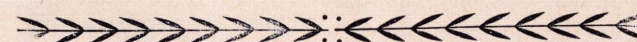
The first objective is to maintain rank and file and an upright position. This proves to be rather difficult when the person immediately behind you, being busily engaged in playing his music, starts climbing up the back of your neck.

Next, one must keep in step. Even this is not too easy, since the person beside you is usually off step, and your efforts to beat time, up and down at the same instant that he does, while your feet are at odds with his, get you befuddled. Besides this, if you happen to be wearing loose shoes which have a tendency to flop off every time the foot is lifted, you simply can't stop to fix them, so you wiggle

your toes in desperate effort to retain your footgear, only to discover that everyone except yourself is marching out of step.

On top of all this, the marcher must keep one eye on the leader, who sometimes stops on a dime and then glumly watches the musicians behind him pile up in a large heap. The second eye must be alert for holes into which one may step, and for junk, banana peels, and children over which one may trip. Another non-existent eye must be kept on the music which has to be played with the correct notes and in the correct time. Naturally, the eye must be well versed in the art of rolling, in order to read the music, which usually sways in a one hundred eighty degree arc. Of course, in most cases, either part of the instrument, lyre, or music falls off, and any attempt to retrieve these lost articles results in a ramming aft.

So-o-o, time marches on—but not I.



THE SHIELD

By Claire Rosenfield

O, thou, brave weapon of the days of yore,
That saw the great events of times long past,
Perhaps upon thy fearful crest they bore
A manly Spartan form homeward at last.

Perhaps some youthful Cocles sought thy aid
And kept the foe before the gates of Rome;
Then threw thy aid aside and sheathed his blade
And dived into the Tiber's yellow foam.

Upon some great white charger Harold came
To save his dearest land from Norman might.
Onward he rushed who sought not gold or fame
And died behind his shield for what was right.

And now, what is thy use upon the wall,
To hang, to rust, to decorate a hall?

Delicious Delicatessen

By Donald Debacher

AS I ponder over the fleeting pleasures of this life, I find that food encompasses more lasting and gratifying delight to a gourmet such as I, than most of the more transitory things. I was blessed with an innate appreciation of delicious viands, which was greatly stimulated from infancy by my grandmother's and mother's tantalizing preparations of the hundreds of dishes they had in their repertoires.

The first dish that I can recall is the succulent fried chicken which I had every Sunday at the old homestead in Adams. Vivid pictures of these sumptuous meals stand out in my mind. I remember how the chicken was first dipped into a batter and then fried until a golden brown crust covered the tender meat of the cockerals. It seemed as though the teasing fragrance of fried chicken enslaved us, and that the only way to break the spell was to eat heartily of the chicken itself. Kloesle, or dumplings, usually accompanied the fried chicken. Buttered crumbs were sprinkled over these soft balls of feather lightness which were enhanced by a delicious chicken gravy.

Another main feature of those memorable repasts was the homemade bread and butter. The bread was made from a special recipe, and the butter was churned in an old-fashioned butter barrel from the thick yellow cream of my grandfather's Ayrshire herd.

Blitz-torte was one of Grandmother's better desserts, reserved only for special occasions like Christmas and Easter. It was a light butter cake topped with meringue and ground nuts before being baked. The three layers were put together with a vanilla cream filling, and a generous layer of whipped cream surmounted the top. If you were keeping track of the calories, one piece of this cake would have sufficed, but it would take a stronger will than mine to resist a second slice.

However, one could not really appreciate the excellent cooking of my grandmother until he had savored her cherry strudel. To make a strudel requires a deft and delicate touch that is acquired only after years of practice. My grandmother's Austrian ancestry probably accounts for her dexterity in making such typical German dishes. The strudel was not unlike a thin jelly roll in that it was rolled in a similar manner. It appeared as though the big red cherries were attempting to burst through the fine flaky crust, and the syrup from the cherries oozed slowly down the bulging sides in tiny rivulets. A cherry strudel was truly the culmination of any epicure's desires.

While my grandmother excels in the preparation of foreign dishes, my mother surpasses with equal success in American meals. Such delicacies as frogs legs fried in bread crumbs, and the different wild game recipes, as rabbit and noodles, and pheasant and brown rice are several of my mother's culinary masterpieces. My father, an ardent hunter, supplies the necessary game, my mother contributes the cooking, and I, knowing nothing about these two accomplishments, furnish the appreciative appetite.

One of the best cakes my mother bakes is Angel Food. Baked in layers, the cake is put together with a blend of whipped cream and sliced strawberries. The flavor of this celestial delicacy always sets me to wondering if the ambrosia of the gods could possibly be better.

I probably shall never partake of some of the exotic meals or become as famous an epicure as Diamond Jim Brady or George Rector, but I shall be contented if, for the remainder of my life, I can continue to enjoy the delectable and luscious food that has been my portion in the past.



GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THE FACULTY

NEVER in all the wildest expectations of this writer did it seem possible that, after interviewing Miss Mildred Jordan of Room 141, your reporter would become the interviewed, not the interviewer. This is just what happened, but Miss Jordan was very cooperative and submitted some interesting material about herself.

This kindly member of the faculty is a graduate of (you guessed it!) P. H. S. and Smith College, and also attended summer school at Columbia and Harvard Universities. Before coming to Pittsfield High, Miss Jordan taught at Ontario Women's College in Canada. At Pittsfield High she teaches that intriguing subject, geometry.

Her favorite hobbies are traveling in a deck chair with the sun shining down upon the ocean waters (ah, me) and, if you can call it a hobby, watching sophomores learn to reason.

She likes "anything that is scarce", among which are catalogued tip roasts of beef, bananas, sugar, and butter (who doesn't?).

Miss Jordan has few pet peeves, but she feels justified in choosing one, which is having

pupils guess instead of reason. This applies to all pupils, not only sophomores.

Undoubtedly it is people like Miss Jordan who make the job of interviewing easier.

MRS. WIGGENHAUSER RESIGNS

On January 10, Mrs. Philip Wiggenhauser, who, for the past two and one-half years has served as our school librarian, handed in her resignation, her husband, Staff Sergeant Philip Wiggenhauser having recently returned from the service. Mrs. Wiggenhauser will be missed by the faculty as well as by the students of P. H. S. Her charm and full cooperation made one's contact with the library very pleasant. We wish her future happiness in her role as home maker.

MR CHARLES MURPHY

Pittsfield High School welcomes the return of another teacher from the armed forces. Mr. Charles ("Chuck") Murphy was recently released after three years' duty in the United States Navy.

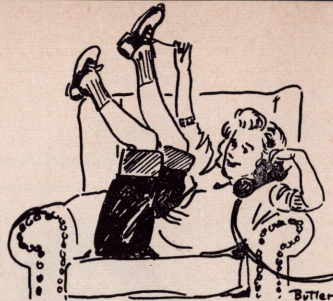
Mr. Murphy has a Bachelor of Arts degree from Holy Cross College and a Master of Science degree from Massachusetts State College. After leaving these institutions of learning. Mr. Murphy did graduate work at Boston University and the University of New Hampshire.

His teaching record before entering the service consists of six years at Crane School and eight years at P. H. S. While in service from 1943-1946 he trained at Fort Schuyler, New York, did Local Defense in Boston, and was an armed guard at Shelton, Virginia.

Mr. Murphy's one dislike, namely, getting up in the morning, most likely arose from his stay as Uncle Sam's guest in the U. S. Navy. He has no other dislikes, which probably accounts for his predilection for his pupils.

How do you like the new "Who's Who" lay-out on pages 12 and 13?

Who's Who



Name... RAYMOND CONNOR

Nickname... Murph

Class... Senior

Activities... Football

Hobbies... Eating & Sleeping

Ambition... To get a "100" on one of Miss Kahiler's tests



Name... Emilou Starke

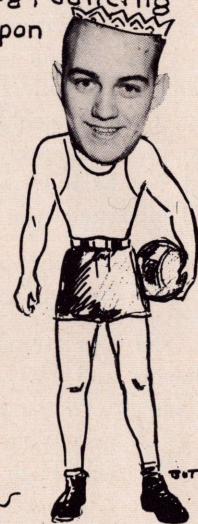
Nickname... Emi

Class... Sophomore

Activities... Hockey team, Capt., Volley ball, badminton, swimming, basketball, Student's Pen, House of Rep., Beta Tri-Hi-Y

Hobbies... Sports, drawing, dancing

Ambition... To swing upon a star



Name... JANET CLARK

Nickname... "Swivel Hips"

Class... Junior

Activities... Chaplain of Beta Tri-Hi-Y, Co-editor of School Notes for Pen, House of Representatives

Hobbies... Eating, dramatics, dancing, skating

Ambition... To marry a millionaire



Name... RICHARD FARNHAM

Nickname... Dick

Class... Senior

Activities... Captain of basketball team

Hobbies... Skating, football, sleeping & eating

Ambition... To be a professional basketball player & later, a coach



Name... ANNE MALONEY

Nickname... Anne

Class... Senior

Activities... Red Cross Staff Assistant

Chairman of Good Will Committee

Hobbies... Eating steak & French fried potatoes

Ambition... To be a high school teacher!



Name... JEANNE CUSATO

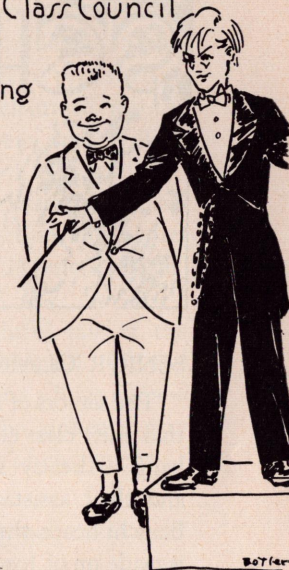
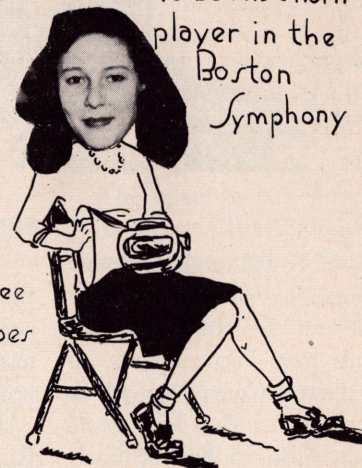
Nickname... Cooky, Cussie

Class... Senior

Activities... Orchestra, Band, Student's Pen, Yearbook, Sr. Class Council, Glee Club

Hobbies... Skiing, skating

Ambition... To be first horn player in the Boston Symphony



Name... ERNEST GNIADEK

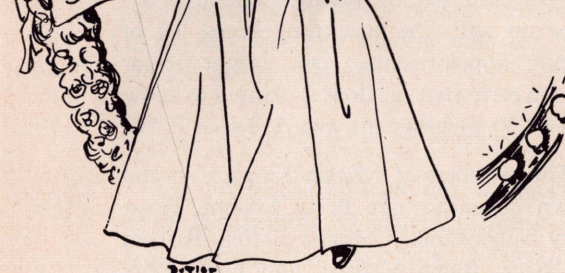
Nickname... Ernie

Class... Senior

Activities... Yearbook Editor

Hobbies... Golf

Ambition... To be a twenty-year Navy man



Name... EVELYN SEAGRAVE

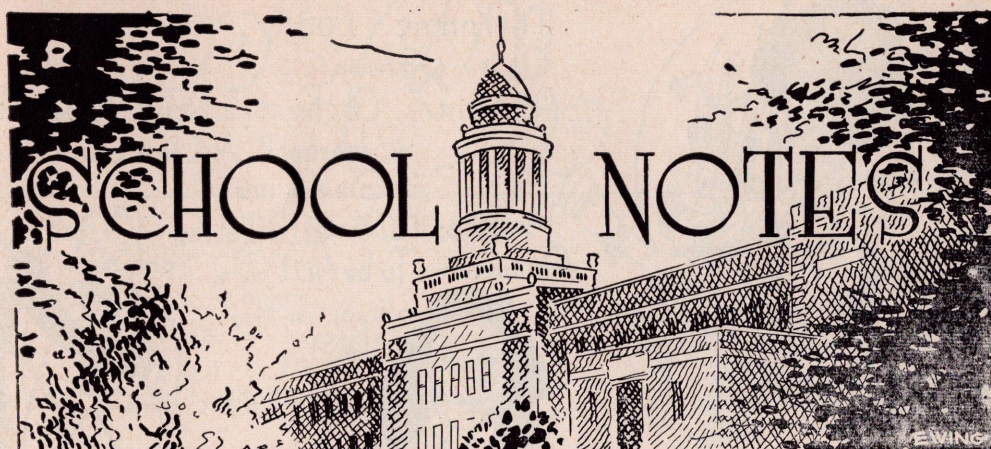
Nickname... Lynne

Class... Senior

Activities... Girls' Glee Club, "Gondoliers", "Ruddigore", "Patience"

Hobbies... Skiing, & flying (in a plane, of course)

Ambition... To be a pilot and a career woman



SENIOR CLASS COUNCIL

The seniors of P. H. S. will be glad to know that their class council has started off with a bang. Already several committee chairmen and their assistants have been chosen. Al Bianchi heads the Picture Committee, which is made up of Joseph Petella, Paul Van Loon, Paul Gould, Robert Villanova, Fred Schultze, Phyllis Mlynarczyk, Jane Laboda, Genevieve Hunt, Winthrop Gutmann, Robert Everhart, James Coughlin, Elinor Bearzi, Martha Overbaugh, Barbara Pularo, Elinor Shipton, Kenneth Turner, and Mary O'Donnel.

The Good Will Committee has for its chairman, Ann Malone. She will be assisted by George Kordiluk, Robert Skowron, Joseph Taylor, Warren Rost, Alice Jones, Shirley Grant, Barbara Douglass, Elizabeth Cardell, Louise Bishop, Marilyn McMahon, Elaine Skoletsky, Ann Ring, Marge Thebodo, and Barbara Valenano.

The senior home room treasurers are—Elizabeth Williams, Carol Gerlach, Margaret Scott, Ann Ring, Sophie Buska, Daniel Gagne, Martha Overbaugh, Edward Fields, Charlotte Grover, Phyllis Mlynarczyk, Barbara Kinghorn, Rose Coppolino, Mary Ann Hovey and Ann Leidhold.

The advisor for the Senior Class Council is a teacher who needs no introduction to P. H. S. students, Miss Helene Milette. With such a fine advisor and council, the seniors are sure to have a successful year.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

The burning question among members of the Senior Class is, "When do we get our rings?" It has been rumored that a few pessimistic individuals have even gone so far as to notify Miss Millet of their 1947 forwarding addresses. "Chuck" Volk, chairman of the Ring Committee, reports that he has received no word from the company other than the letter which stated that the rings would arrive in December. Since December has long since departed, "Chuck" has written to the ring manufacturers for explanation. Meanwhile, Seniors, keep your hopes up and your fingers crossed.

After juggling names, dates, and studios this way and that, the Picture Committee has come up with the final (they hope) list of picture appointments. One bright senior girl (an early riser, no doubt) wanted to know if her 3.30 appointment was A. M. or P. M.

The members of Martin King's Cap and Gown committee are Betty Limont, Rosemary Sangiovanni, Carmina Zofrea, Barbara McNiece, Remo Vergati, and Louis Principe.

John Moran has been elected to the Senior Class Council from Room 201 to replace "Augie" Marra.

Kenneth Turner has taken over "Al" Bianchi's duties as chairman of the Picture Committee.

STUDENT COUNCIL

At a regular meeting of Student Council in Room 146 on January 10, 1946, no formal reports were read. There was discussion of the new traffic rules which have been in effect for some weeks. It was decided that, if necessary, traffic signs and standards would be made.

Remo Vergatti was elected chairman of the Publications and Publicity Committee, while Donald DeBacher is chairman of the Program Committee.

A discussion was also held on school cooperation, which followed closely the talk given by Coach Carmody on January 11, 1946.

On January 16, another meeting was held but, due to a meeting of senior and junior girls at the same period, many members were absent. A short discussion about cheerleaders took place, but nothing definite was decided.

Several proposed changes in the Student Council Constitution were made on December 12, 1945. The three new amendments were unanimously voted on by both the Council and the House of Representatives. They pertained to filling of vacancies, electing chairmen of committees, and electing of a member of the House of Representatives to fill the place of a student who has been elected to the Council.

VICTORY BONDS AND STAMPS

Mr. Frederick C. Peach, who is Chairman of the Pittsfield War Finance Committee, has highly praised the principals, teachers, and pupils for their excellent support of the Victory Loan Drive.

The total of stamps sold between September of 1945 and January of this year was \$1,368.50 and the bonds sold during that same period total \$37,025.00. From 1942 when stamps and bonds were first sold, through 1945 the school has sold \$319,146.80 worth of stamps and bonds.

"PATIENCE"

"Patience," a lively, intriguing, Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, sponsored by the Senior Class of Pittsfield High, will be presented on February 14 and 15. Co-chairmen for the operetta are Anita Eberwein and William Grunning.

The cast, chorus, and orchestra have been diligently striving for perfection in their respective parts under the direction of Mr. Gorman every week.

The operetta is a delightful tale of the loves of two poets and a milkmaid. We feel sure that this operetta will be a huge success and we are certain that the audience may look forward to an evening of enjoyment.

JUNIOR CLASS ELECTIONS

Under the able leadership of Mr. James Conroy, class advisor, the Junior Class is being organized for the year. As the PEN goes to press, nomination papers are being circulated and the primaries will be held about February 1 or shortly thereafter.

As in the last few years, voting machines used in our city elections will be available for class elections.

Two home room representatives will soon be chosen by each room to form the Junior Class Council which will enact the business of the Junior Class during the coming year.

MAPLEWOOD ESSAYS

If, in the past weeks, you have seen the seniors tearing their hair, stamping their feet, counting to ten, and generally looking very downcast, the reason was Maplewood Essays. Each year senior girls compete for the Maplewood Essay Prize, and boys for the American Legion award, given for the best essay. The general subject is the American Constitution. Much time has been spent at the library by the seniors laboring over their one thousand word compositions. Here's luck to you, seniors!

VOCATIONAL NEWS

By Edwin Potter and Daniel Gagne

TWO veterans are taking the Drafting Course under the instruction of Mr. Willbrant. They are George Volin and Phil Gerlach. Both of these men spent twenty-two months in the Army Air Forces, ten months of which were spent in Europe. George had previously graduated from the Drafting Course in 1944.

Some of your pals who have returned and visited the Vocational Department are Larry Feeley, John Rossi, Walt Zigarowski, and Walt Duda.

The Printing Shop has been getting busier and busier every day. They have just completed posters for the operetta "Patience" and are now working on programs for the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra and small programs for the operetta.

In September the Vocational stockroom was established under the direction of R. B. Thomson to teach Vocational boys stockroom methods, to control vocational supplies, to have a systematic method of issuing and receiving materials, and to keep a permanent inventory of the supplies on hand.

The room contains twelve cabinets constructed by the Woodworking Department. These cabinets are separated into forty-eight different sections for convenience in finding supplies, all materials being located in their individual and respective places. All materials which are ordered and received pass through this stockroom. They are requisitioned on different colored pads supplied to each department. Nine boys in the General Vocational School are now learning stockroom procedure. The typing is supplied by the Commercial students.

To our regret, Mrs. Wigenhauser, the librarian, is leaving us. She provided books and pamphlets on vocational subjects and stayed many afternoons till four o'clock for the convenience of Vocational School students.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

Our Motion Picture Club is keeping up its full schedule of activities. At recent meetings they chose the ten best pictures of the year, and voted "Valley of Decision" top place. The club also plans to nominate the best actor and actress of the year. Pictures for February's discussions include "Leave Her to Heaven" and "What Next, Corporal Hargrove?" Several new members have recently joined the club which now has a membership of twenty-five.

THE CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club has recently changed advisors. Mr. Conroy, who took the place of Mr. McMahon, is now the new advisor.

During the Christmas vacation the assignment was to take pictures of Christmas or winter scenes.

Because of the bus strike, however, there have been no meetings, for many of the club members live far from school and they are unable to commute at night.

Members of the Camera Club are given permission to use the dark room during free periods or after school.

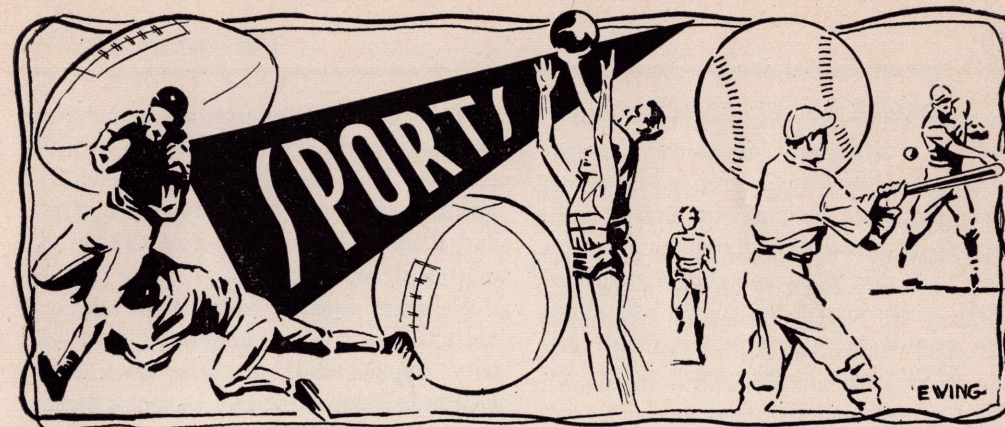
Anyone interested in photography is invited to join. Under Mr. Conroy's very capable leadership the club is both interesting and educational, so if you are interested drop in any Tuesday night at 7.15.

DEBATING CLUB

Our Debating Club, one of the school's best on record, constantly has a full schedule of debates and extemporaneous talks on current events, including such topics as the atomic bomb and compulsory military training. Plans for the near future include a proposed debate with St. Joseph's High School.

What A Difference One Letter Makes!

One of Miss Kelly's Sophomore English pupils writes: "A fried coquette is better than a boiled one."



ADAMS OVER PITTSFIELD IN OVERTIME

By Warren Harmon

In a thrilling, fast-moving overtime game, Adams registered its sixth straight win, at the Armory on January 9th. This game puts Adams at the head of the Northern Berkshire league, although Drury shares this honor, being unbeaten in three starts.

Adams started the scoring on a quick break lay-up by Gagnon, high scorer of the evening with six floor goals to his credit. Armand Quadrozzi, right forward, scored three points for Pittsfield—a basket on a pass from Captain Dick Farnham and a conversion. Art Ditmar registered a foul shot after which Quadrozzi made another goal. Adams led seven to six at the end of the opening period with three baskets and a free try to its credit.

Two conversions apiece by Al Bianchi and Quadrozzi, plus two set shot baskets by Farnham put P. H. S. ahead, but Adams evened the score with three floor goals and a foul shot. With about a minute and a half left before half-time Bus Heyes and Farnham registered for two more goals through some clever ball-handling, placing Pittsfield ahead at the half with a four point lead. Four points was the highest lead held at any time during the game. Pittsfield held this lead both times.

Although P. H. S. still had a one point ad-

vantage at the end of the third period, 22 to 21, having scored twice on floor goals as against three baskets by Gagnon and a Callahan foul shot for Adams, it keenly felt the loss of Art Ditmar, who went out on four fouls and didn't return until the last half of the final period.

Little happened during the first few minutes of the last quarter except that each team moved up one point due to free tries. Because of superior height and better passing, Adams monopolized the ball during the latter half of this period and added another basket and a free try. With but three seconds remaining in the game, Dick Farnham threw one in to tie the game up at 25 all. There was so much cheering after that play that neither team heard the final whistle and they struggled on, during which time Farnham again registered, but his last basket naturally didn't count.

In the overtime the score was again tied up when both teams were successful in free tries. So it fell to Ray Gagnon of Adams to decide the issue. With forty seconds left he sank a basket making the final score 28-26 in Adams' favor.

On the foul line P. H. S. outclassed Adams, Pittsfield got eight for eleven, while Adams had six in sixteen.

DRURY 36—PITTSFIELD 26

By David L. Carpenter

Drury High's veteran basketball team turned on the heat in final quarter to defeat the Pittsfield High School basketball team 36-26 before a capacity crowd in the State Armory in North Adams on January 4. Pittsfield's underdogs led at the half 14-10, but Drury went ahead half way through the third period, and remained in the lead for the remainder of the game. Although in the last few minutes, the score was pretty close, Drury finally pulled away for the win.

Drury jumped to a 9-3 lead in the first quarter, but P. H. S. bounced right back with an 11-1 score for the second period. Drury appeared to be the superior ball handler, with most of her scoring coming from close range as a climax to purposeful passing.

Forward Art Ditmar led Pittsfield with eleven points on four baskets and three fouls. Captain Dick Farnham, veteran guard, had nine points, all three of his floor goals coming in the first half. Armond Quadrozzi, one of P. H. S.'s biggest threats, went scoreless.

PITTSFIELD 25—DALTON 17

By William Carty, Jr.

On December 18, in a rough and tumble contest at the Dalton Community House, P. H. S. outscored a fighting Dalton High team, in a game which had all the appearance of a football game. Failure of Dalton's Blanchard and Davis combination, Zink and Carty, to hit double figures, plus the thirty-one foul shots, so generously given to P. H. S. by the referee, were the important factors in Pittsfield's victory. Dalton's chances went out the window with these fouls, however, for Zink, Carty and Conro, Dalton's only experienced players were banished because of fine fouls. Armand Quadrozzi, also was forced to take an early shower, because of five personal fouls.

Quadrozzi was again high scorer for Pittsfield with nine points on four floor goals and a

foul toss. Capt. Dick Farnham with six points and Art Ditmar and Don Kasuba with five points each, were also high men for Pittsfield. For Dalton, Conro with seven, and Carty and Cooney with three points each, did most of the scoring.

Dalton's unusual bankboards caused a great deal of wild shooting by P. H. S., but they monopolized the rebounds. While Dalton had only Zink and Carty in the first half, and only Calabresse in the second half to return the numerous shots that missed, Pittsfield had four of five men taking the ball off. Particularly effective were Farnham, Kasuba, Bianchi, Ditmar, and Archambeault. The latter is the lad who, after completing his freshman year at Dalton, transferred to Pittsfield. He played a good defensive game, but wasn't left in long enough to score against his old mates.

In the last period both teams used numerous substitutions, but for different reasons. Joe Ditello, Jim Bacon and Bob Archambeault saw action for Pittsfield in order to rest the regulars. Dalton was forced to use five fourteen-year old boys in the final canto, because their regulars were ejected from the game. Ditello and Bacon of Pittsfield and Carter of Dalton did very well. Carter, the one hundred and ten pound forward from Dalton, sank a very pretty shot while playing his first game. Jackie Cooney and Tony Calabresse also did well for Dalton.

The officiating was below par. "Dunc" McNaughton did his usual fine job, but Mr. Hamberg called some very unnecessary fouls.

PITTSFIELD TROUNCES LEE 40-18

By William Carty, Jr.

Exhibiting their best form of the early season, P. H. S. journeyed to Lee December 11, and easily outclassed the home forces, much to the disappointment of the Wildcat supporters. During the first half, play was fairly close, with Pittsfield holding a 12-8 lead at intermission. But in the second half, Pitts-

field forged far into the lead, outscoring Lee 14 to 5 in the third and fourth periods.

With seven of the nine men that saw action scoring, P. H. S. showed a well balanced offense. Armand Quadrozzi led the scoring parade with six floor goals and three foul shots. Don Kusuba, with three baskets and a like number of foul shots; Art Ditmar, with two of each; and Captain Dick Farnham with five points, were high scorers for Pittsfield. Baskets by Bacon, and by Bianchi, who played a strong floor game, and a solitary foul toss by Hayes, completed the scoring for P. H. S. Joe Coco led Lee's scoring with seven points.

Pittsfield passed well and monopolized the bankboards, retrieving nearly three-fourths of the rebounds. Especially valuable in this line were Farnham, Bianchi, Hayes, Ditmar, and Kasuba, who gave Pittsfield quite a height edge over most rivals.

P. H. S. TRIUMPHS OVER BENNINGTON 37-16

By Warren Harmon

In its second straight win of the season P. H. S. easily triumphed over Bennington High of Vermont with a comfortable margin of 21 points at the State Armory on December 14.

To everybody concerned it appeared that it would be a very close game. That was at the end of the first quarter when the Vermonters led eight to six. But Pittsfield started fast and had everything its own way in the second period. Two floor goals apiece for Art Ditmar and Don Kasuba, one by Al Bianchi, plus a foul shot by sophomore "Bus" Hayes, and P. H. S. was out in front with plenty to spare at the half, meanwhile having held Bennington scoreless. Captain Dick Farnham opened the third quarter with a nice push shot from the foul line. After a series of conversion shots had been made, of which P. H. S. got three, Kasuba and Ditmar each scored in the last seconds of the period bringing the count to 26-11.

Its first floor goal since the first quarter was registered by Bennington early in the final period and was closely followed with three more baskets by Armand Quadrozzi, who, although not playing in much of the last half, was high scorer with four floor goals and a like number of conversions. Ditmar and Farnham terminated the scoring with one apiece, making the final tally 37-16.

WITH THE GIRLS

BOWLING

One of the favorite sports for girls is bowling. It started January 8th with a number of bowlers out to improve their skills in preparation for the coming Western Massachusetts Bowling Tournament. P. H. S. girls have won the match for several years, and are out to win it again. Some of the high scorers last week were: Jean Durkee, Marjorie Leahy, Ruth Raynor, and Barbara Helliwell.

SWIMMING

The swimming classes being offered at the Boys' Club pool opened January 8th with many enthusiasts present. The classes are open to beginners, intermediates, and advanced swimmers. At the end of the twelve week course, class teams will be chosen for a swimming tournament, with the members of the winning team receiving letters.

Jean Arlett: "Mr. Gorman says we should always say, 'Yes, Sir' when in school."

Doris Lutz: "It's going to be hard to change to 'No, Sir' when out of school."

During operetta rehearsal Mr. Gorman thought he heard a dice game going on when the second basses were backstage. Said he, "Pullano, go back there and break it up."

Pullano, returning half an hour later. "It took a long time, Mr. Gorman, but I had only a buck to start with."



1947 VOLLEYBALL TEAM, CHAMPIONS OF 1946 SEASON

Back Row: Margaret Beahan, Dorothy Prendergast, Ellen Mazzacco, Mildred Barnes

Front Row: Rita Kuchi, Patricia O'Hearn, Barbara Komuneicki, Barbara Helliwell, Marilyn Reuer, (Janet Ellis, absent)

The Juniors Win

By Jeanne Murphy

Your Sport's Editor, being a senior, hangs her head in reporting this month's sports activities, for the Junior Volleyball team won the championship. They defeated the sophomores and seniors, not by close scores, but by sizable margins. One of the assets of the juniors was the accumulation of a high score in the first quarters. No matter how hard the seniors played in the following quarters, they were not able to build up enough points to offset the start of the juniors. The sophomores also showed the

seniors that they, too, could play a good game of volleyball. Here, something should be said about the vanquished seniors, for though they were defeated, they played hard and well till the last whistle sounded. It may be stated that this year's volleyball tournament was the best ever. Congratulations, Juniors.

On the Junior team were: Mildred Barnes, Margaret Beahan, Barbara Komunicki, Ellen Mazzacco, Dorothy Prendergast, Marilyn Reder, Janet Ellis, Patricia O'Hearn, Rita Kushi, and Barbara Helliwell.



'45 Lois Shipton, who was responsible for much of the success of the Oasis last year, and Peggy Head are studying at Northfield Seminary.

Mildred Kinghorn, one of the winners of the College Club scholarships this year, has completed her first semester at Mass. State.

Thomas Evans, president of the Class of 1945 and Robert Formel have completed their training at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Tommy expects to go into radar training soon.

Muriel Pringle, Joan Singer, and Thelma Barzottini, all graduates of the Class of '45, are working for the Navy Department at the Bureau of Ships in Washington, D. C. Catherine Earnshaw is also working for the Navy, and is employed at the Bureau of Aeronautics in Washington.

Joan Kaufman and Selma Adeson have entered Russell Sage College in Troy, N. Y. where they are registered as freshmen.

Barbara Johnson, employed last summer at the General Electric Laboratory, has left for Green Mountain Junior College in Vermont.

David Haylon is registered at Providence College in Providence, R. I.

Robert Bernhardt is training at Kessler Field, Army Air Corps.

Jane Howard, editor of THE PEN last year is attending Vassar College in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Jane was the winner of the Vassar scholarship this year.

Evelyn Tainter and Silvia Agar are studying at the University of Syracuse in Syracuse, N. Y.

Barbara Couch, Grace Hough, Alice Giese, Fay Henry, and Phyllis Howard are enrolled in the freshman class at Skidmore College Saratoga Springs, New York.

Edith Parnell is a freshman at Radcliffe College in Cambridge, Mass.

Elizabeth Burgess, Short Story editor of last year's PEN staff, is studying at Simmons College, Boston, Mass.

Elaine Hubbard has registered in the Nursing School at Bates College in Lewiston, Maine.

Shirley Herd, voted the prettiest girl of the Class of 1945, is a first year student at Colby Junior College in New London, N. H.

Jean May, former head of the School Notes department of THE PEN, is registered at Russell Sage College in Troy, N. Y.

Barbara Smith is a freshman at Smith College in Northampton, Mass.

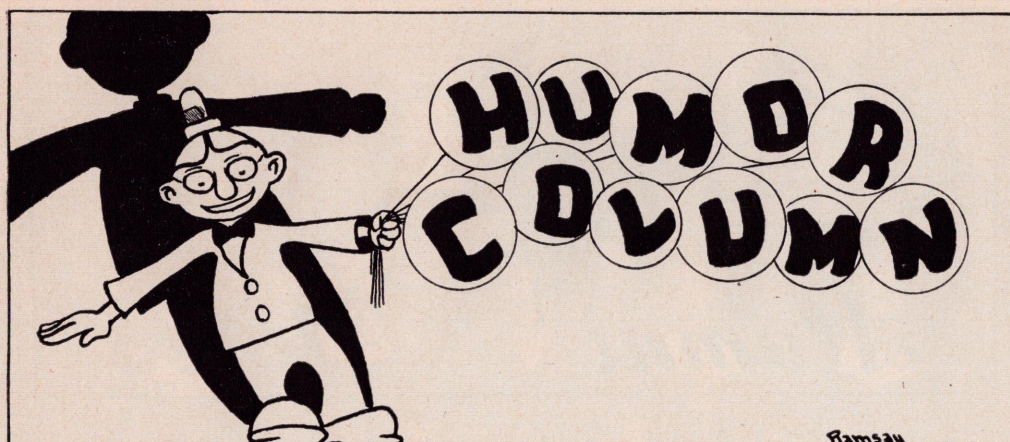
Antoinette Calderalla is training to be a nurse at St. Luke's Hospital.

Eileen Costello went to Transylvania College in Lexington, Kentucky.

Elizabeth Gardner is at Becker Business College.

Elsa Harmon is training at Cooley Dickinson Hospital in Northampton, Mass.

Carene Waters and Susanne Szymanski are at Massachusetts State.



Brian Butler: "Are you sure you've never been out with a sailor?"

Judy Sisson: "Certainly, I'm sure."

B. B.: "Swell! Where shall I meet you?"

J. S.: "At 2100 on the starboard side of Pier 2."

Miss Morse: "How many times do I have to tell you to be in your seat when the bell rings?"

George Garbowit: "I don't know! I thought you were keeping score."

His girl's father: "Young man, I've noticed that you're paying quite a bit of attention to my daughter. Is it all on the square?"

George Romosco: "No, it's mostly on the porch. The square is too public."

While every man has his wife, only the ice man has his pick.

Eleanor Bonin: "I want my boy friend's picture enlarged."

Mr. Henzel: "Would you like to have it mounted?"

E. B. "Oh, yes, he'll look nice on a horse."

Arnold Arrowitz: "I better take this bandage off."

Jason Katz: "Are you all better?"

A. A.: "No, I couldn't get out of gym, anyhow."

If all the boys, who barked their shins on their lockers were tabulated, the heat generated from the resulting remarks would warm the school for many years to come.

Jerry Rubin: "Do you believe in a club for sophomores?"

Mr. Lynch: "Sure, if you can't teach them any other way."

Mr. Gorman: "We are on the brink of a production."

Harry Fuhrman: "Don't push!"

Mr. Geary expounding on life: "About the time you learn to make the most out of life—the most of it is gone."

Ken Turner: "Hear about the cross-eyed teacher?"

Don Read: "What about him?"

Ken: "He couldn't control his pupils."

Jack Herrick: "I just bought a nickel eraser."

Gerald Horgan: "Don't they sell rubber ones anymore?"

Could be that the weaker sex is often the stronger sex because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.

Al Bianchi says: "Women like a strong, silent man because they think he's listening."



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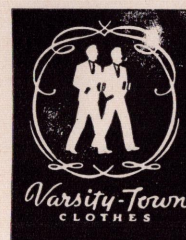


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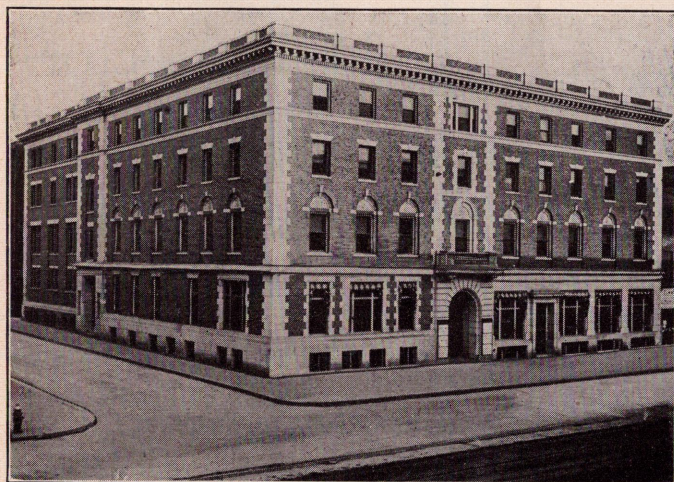


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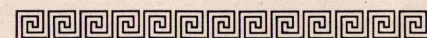
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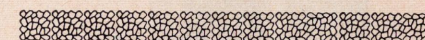
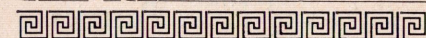
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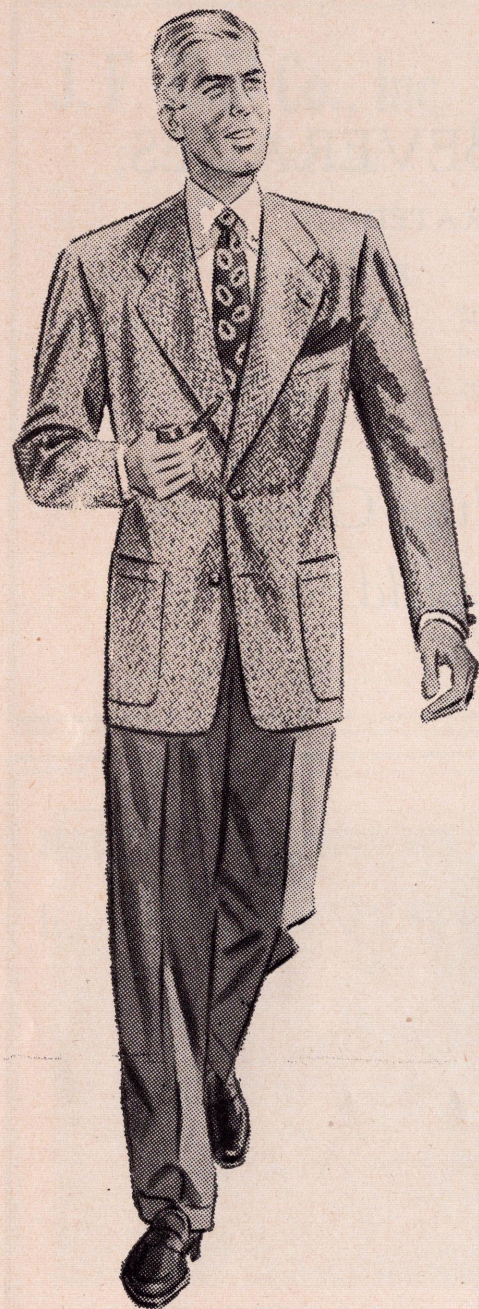
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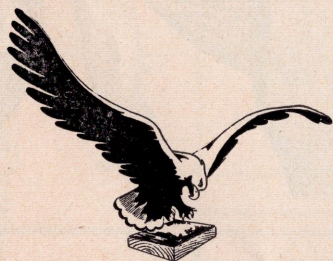
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